The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt,
Shew me a Miſtriſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerue but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing faire:
Farewell thou canſt not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the clowne.*

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as wee to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?
Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger then ſhe, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too ſoone marde are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth,
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent, is but a part,
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choiſe,
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accuſtomd feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a gueſt,
Such as I loue, and you among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading ſtarres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do luſty young men feele,
When well apparelld Aprill on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen ſuch delight
Among freſh fennell buds ſhall you this night

Inherit

Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee:
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more veiw, of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number though in reckning none.
Come goe with me. goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome, on their pleaſure ſtay.

Exi

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is writ
ten, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the
tayler with his laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, and the painter
with his nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names
are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing per-
ſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out an others burning,
One paine is leſned by an others anguiſh:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſperate greefe, cures with an others languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old wil die.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language,
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.